Yo Quiero Death!

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Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer
Genre: Humor
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-05-18 08:00:00
Updated: 2000-05-18 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:03:10
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 233
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Buffy fights the Taco Bell Chihuahua, then explodes.

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"Por favor," the chihuahua said. A damp sheen formed on his eyes, his huge, brown, lustrous eyes, big as a child's. His tiny, fuzzy chest quivered; she'd broken most his ribs. Blood dampened his little maw. "Por favor, please, senorita, yo quiero death. I am in great pain."

"You'd like it if I went all anti-PETA on your neck, huh?"

"Agony... end it..."

"'Kay." With a spinning roundhouse kick, she crushed his skull.

She wiped her hands on her jeans, brushed her hair out of her face. The dog's corpse was so tiny. A totally unworthy opponent, some might say, though evil took many a guise. Just as she started to turn and walk off, she exploded. A brackaw of Buffalicious chunks rained in her wake.

From twenty feet away, Giles trembled. "What the bloody hell? Xander? Did you see that? My God, she blew up! For no explicable reason whatsoever, she just... boom!"

"Huh?" Xander shook his head. "Oh. Right."

"I don't understand!" Giles shouted. He grabbed Xander's shoulders, shook the boy. "She just... bloody hell!"

"Oh, come off it." Xander yawned. "People explode all the time. No

explanation. Happens constantly. Do show some dignity, mate." Xander shrugged. "Wanna go back to my place?"

Giles grinned. "I thought you'd never ask."

And far, far, away, a troupe of British men cried.

End
file.